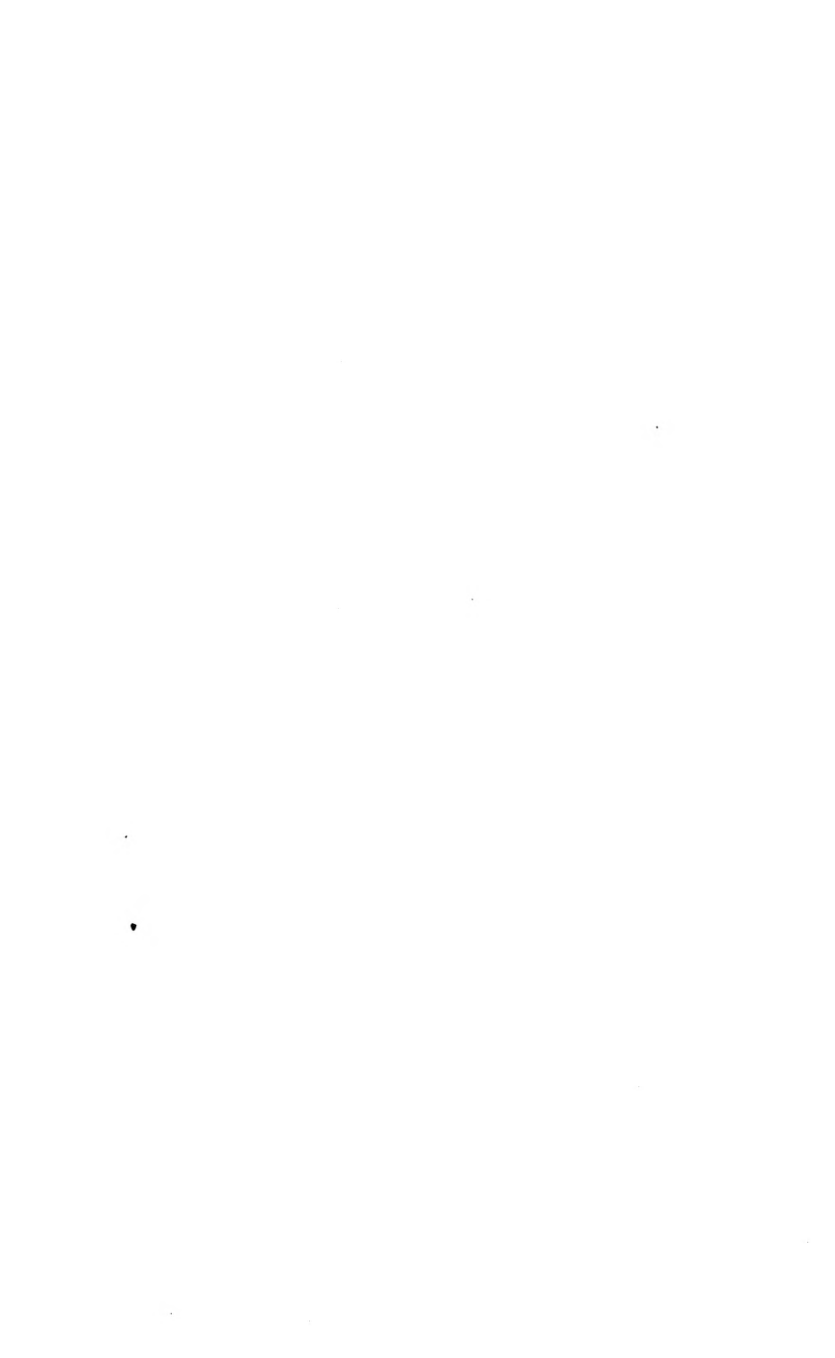


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me, I am a good girl
and I am a good girl.





HELEN ELIZA GARRISON.

A Memorial.

"THERE'S NOT A CHARM OF SOUL OR BROW, —
OF ALL WE KNEW AND LOVED IN THEE, —
BUT LIVES IN HOLIER BEAUTY NOW,
BAPTIZED IN IMMORTALITY!"

W. L. G. GARRISON
CONCORD

CAMBRIDGE:
Printed at the Riverside Press.
1876.

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Printed for private presentation.

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H. E. G.

THE Grave, dear sufferer, had for thee no gloom,

And Death no terrors when his summons came :

Unto the dust returns the mortal frame —

The vital Spirit (under no such doom)

Was never yet imprisoned in the tomb ;

But, rising heavenward, an ethereal flame,

Shines on unquenched, in essence still the same

As is the LIGHT that doth all worlds illumine.

Thou art translated to a happier sphere,

To gain companionship among the blest,

Released from all that made life painful here,

And so prepared to enter into rest :—

If stricken hearts bend weeping o'er thy bier,

Still, still for them — for thee — all's for the best !

W. L. G.

The portrait which forms the frontispiece of this volume is copied from a daguerreotype, taken probably in 1852 or 1853, and is regarded as an excellent likeness of Mrs. Garrison as she appeared at that time.

The facts pertaining to her father, Mr. Benson, are principally taken from a genealogy of "The Benson Family of Newport, R. I.," printed in 1872; to which is added an Appendix concerning the Benson Families in America of English descent.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE following tribute to vanished loveliness and worth is solely for private distribution among beloved friends. Nevertheless, in proceeding to record it, I feel much embarrassment because of the delicacy of the task. This is enhanced by the sacredness of the relation that subsisted so long between the dear departed one and myself, and by a lively remembrance of the shrinking modesty and genuine humility of her nature. For if she could give vocal utterance to her wishes, it would be most sincerely to beg me to desist from what my heart irresistibly prompts me to perform in this instance. Indeed, to no one could the following panegyric be more truthfully applied than to herself: —

“ As streams that run o’er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the worth that shines
Within their gentle tide;
So, veiled beneath the simplest guise,
Her radiant genius shone,
And that which charmed all other eyes
Seemed worthless in her own.”

But I cannot allow this consideration wholly to prevent the expression of my estimate of her as a wife and mother, and my large indebtedness to her as a helpmate through many

years of fiery trial and stormy conflict, now that she is translated to another sphere of existence. It will give needed relief to those feelings which so sharp a bereavement naturally awakens in the breast, while it will be a merited recognition of her admirable qualities, which, in justice to her memory, I ought not to withhold.

The greatest of poets assures us,

“ There ’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

Certainly, it is a problem not easily solved how far our earthly career is determined by ourselves, or by the circumstances that surround us. From this or that seemingly trifling, fortuitous occurrence, how much of help or hindrance, joy or sorrow, success or failure, has fallen to our lot ! What if it had not taken place ? Where or what should we now be in our affections, relations, pursuits, attainments, aspirations ? In all probability it would have changed or greatly modified our after life ; but in what direction, or to what extent, all conjecture is vain.

Exempli gratia. In the year 1828, while editing a weekly temperance journal (*The National Philanthropist*) in Boston, I received among my newspaper exchanges a small monthly periodical, entitled *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*, published at Baltimore. A perusal of it gave me the first intelligent conception I had had of the nature and extent of chattel slavery at the South, and strongly excited my compassion for the victims of that cruel system. I accordingly gave it a commendatory notice in the *Philanthropist*, which proved so gratifying to its Quaker editor (Benjamin Lundy) that it induced him, among other reasons, to take his staff in hand and make a pedestrian tour all the way from the Monumental City to Boston, in order that he might

see me, and, if possible, deepen the interest I was beginning to feel in the cause of negro emancipation. This led to my joining him in Baltimore afterward, in editing his periodical — changed from a monthly to a weekly — and consecrating all my faculties and powers to the task of delivering the oppressed out of the hands of their oppressors. What a long chain of sequences, in my experience and destiny, resulted from that primary link! What if that little anti-slavery sheet had not been on my exchange list? In that case there would, of course, have been no knowledge, and consequently no recognition of it by me; in the absence of which, no acquaintance on my part with its intrepid and philanthropic conductor, no union with him at Baltimore, and no subsequent publication of *The Liberator* in Boston!

“ We stride the river daily at its spring,
Nor in our childish thoughtlessness foresee
What myriad vassal streams shall tribute bring,
How like an equal it shall greet the sea.”

Again: not less fortunate for me, in respect to my future life of domesticity and wedlock, was my acquaintance in 1832 with the family of the venerable George Benson, of Brooklyn, Connecticut, arising purely from a common sympathy in the anti-slavery movement.

Mr. Benson was a native of Newport, R. I., but commenced business in Boston as early as 1783, when at the expiration of the year he removed to Providence, and, joining in partnership with Nicholas Brown, under the title of Brown & Benson, — later, Brown, Benson & Ives, — continued in successful business for several years.

Traces of Mr. Benson as a business man are to be found in the *Providence Gazette* of October 6, 1792, from which it appears that on the Monday previous he was unanimously

elected a director of the Providence Bank, in place of Mr. Nicholas Brown, who resigned in his favor; and in the same paper of January 18, 1800, where he figures as director and secretary of the Washington Insurance Company of Providence, then just formed. He was also one of the Trustees of Brown University, but retired from the Board in 1801.

He was a rare example of moral excellence — in justness an Aristides, in peaceableness a Penn, in philanthropy a Clarkson. As a youth he was uncommonly studious, though measurably self-taught. He made himself thoroughly acquainted with the best literary and religious works extant, and habitually extracted such portions as were specially deserving of transcript and circulation. In this labor his judgment and taste were excellent. His reverence for the Deity was profound, and his piety fervent without fanaticism, and strict without bigotry. He was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Gano, of Providence, of whose church he became a member, but ultimately withdrew from it, his religious views conforming more nearly to those of the Society of Friends. He frequently spoke in admiring terms of the character of Penn, Benezet, and Woolman, and of the emphatic testimonies borne by Friends against slavery and war. His own spirit breathed only of “peace on earth, good will to men.”

As early as 1775, it is supposed Mr. Benson was interested in the abolition of slavery in his native State, a letter in the *Gazette* of September 9, of that year, signed “A Friend of America,” being attributed to him. This communication had reference to a petition to the General Assembly to pass an act “for prohibiting the importation of negroes into this colony, and asserting the right of freedom of all those hereafter born or manumitted within the same.” At the June session of the General Assembly, in 1790, was

passed an "Act to incorporate certain Persons by the Name of the Providence Society for promoting the Abolition of Slavery, for the Relief of Persons unlawfully held in Bondage, and for improving the Condition of the African Race." Of this Society Mr. Benson became an active member, and at a later period of its existence was its secretary, — Judge Howell being its president.

Mr. Benson took a deep interest in the labors of Granville Sharpe, Wilberforce and Clarkson (his contemporaries), in behalf of the same despised and oppressed race under British rule ; and he never hesitated to avow his abhorrence of slavery and the slave trade at all times, notwithstanding the overwhelming pro-slavery sentiment in Rhode Island at that period. How the Providence Society was regarded at the time of its formation, Mr. Benson himself tells us : —

"It had a most formidable opposition to encounter. The inhabitants of Newport had been many years engaged in that inhuman traffic, which in its various ramifications furnished employment to numerous persons. *It was the source of almost every other branch of business.* Of course the ship-owners, officers and seamen, with all their connections, were inimical to the Society, as was also the town of Bristol, though of minor importance. Add to this, some of the principal merchants were in the opposition rank."

It was under such a crucial test that his moral courage was exemplified, regardless of all personal consequences. For his conspicuous zeal and fidelity at that time, the "Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery," etc., whose first President was Benjamin Franklin, elected Mr. Benson an honorary member, his diploma bearing date October, 1792.

During his residence in Providence, he frequently interposed to deliver the prey from the slave-trader or slave-hunter — cheerfully perilling his person and property, yet

meeting danger and threats with calm determination and unflinching courage.

It deserves to be recorded, that while so many worthy persons were beguiled by the cunningly devised scheme of the American Colonization Society, Mr. Benson clearly comprehended its spirit and tendency, and wrote a long and an elaborate document in opposition to it, even before *The Liberator* made its appearance.

When the new anti-slavery movement was initiated, on the basis of immediate and unconditional emancipation, he was not intimidated by the fierce outcry that was everywhere raised against it, but gave to it his cheering countenance. In 1834 he was elected President of the New England (afterward the Massachusetts) Anti-Slavery Society, and served for that year.

In this connection, the following extract from the "Memoir of Samuel J. May" will show his estimate of this venerable philanthropist and his family: —

"Early in my ministry I commenced preaching the doctrine of peace, and denouncing the custom of war. In the spring of 1825, a most excellent man came to reside in Brooklyn, who was an earnest fellow-laborer and efficient helper in this cause, Mr. George Benson, for many years a merchant in Providence, R. I., a member of the distinguished firm of Brown, Benson & Ives. He dissolved his connection with them because he could not conscientiously consent to some things which they and most merchants deemed perfectly proper. He was respected by all who knew him, for his steadfast adherence to whatever he believed to be true and right. Although never a member of the Society of Friends, he entertained most of their opinions, cherished their spirit, dressed very much in their style, and generally attended their religious meetings. He was over seventy years of age, very gentle, and a perfect gentleman. He and his family were a valuable acquisition to our society, and added much to my personal comfort. His wife, six daughters and two sons were all sensible, earnest persons. They conscientiously differed some-

what in their religious opinions, but they were harmonious among themselves, charitable towards others, and all interested in the great work of our Lord, the redemption of mankind from ignorance, sin and misery. . . . Mrs. Benson, one of the most motherly of women; Charlotte, now Mrs. Anthony of Providence; Sarah, a very saint; and Helen, now Mrs. William Lloyd Garrison, together with George W. and Henry E., were devoted co-workers with me, and constant attendants on my preaching. Frances, the oldest daughter, was very Orthodox, and Mary and Anna were Quakers. I wish I could do better justice to this most estimable family. George W. was a most energetic, fearless young man in behalf of anything that he believed to be true and right, and Henry E. was, I think, one of the most faultless persons I ever knew.

“Mr. Benson and I soon discovered how much we agreed in our opinions upon the great subjects of war, intemperance and popular education. He was conversant with most of the best Quaker and other writers upon those subjects, and helped me much to define and settle my own opinions. We succeeded in interesting so many persons in our views of war, persons not only of Brooklyn but of several other towns, that in August, 1826, we called a county meeting of the friends of peace, and succeeded in forming the Windham County Peace Society. Mr. Benson was the President; I was the Corresponding Secretary. We distributed a great many tracts, and held meetings in most of the towns of the county.”

George Benson was married in Providence, January 27, 1793, by Rev. Dr. Gano, to Sally Thurber, daughter of James Thurber. “They went to housekeeping in the elegant residence, near the corner of Angell and Prospect Streets, which still stands, perfectly preserved and but little altered. Mr. Benson had built it for himself in the most thorough manner, and its site was, in those days, one of the most commanding in the town.” Here, in the course of the next twenty-nine years, all their children were born. In the spring of 1824 he removed with his family to Brooklyn, Conn., having purchased a farm near the centre of the village, where on the 11th of December, 1836, after a few

days' illness, he died in the eighty-fifth year of his age — "never having previously known what toothache or headache was, all his teeth being sound, and his sight so unimpaired as to enable him to read the smallest print without the aid of spectacles." Moreover, his complexion was as fair as a child's; so scrupulously in his habits did he adhere to the physiological and hygienic laws of life. As a husband and parent his affection, solicitude and tenderness were very strongly developed.

In his choice of a wife he was exceedingly fortunate. In her were combined all the best qualities — sound discretion, admirable economic prudence, cheerful self-denial, retiring modesty, "a meek and quiet spirit," and a rare capacity for the faithful discharge of all household responsibilities. A portraiture of female excellence, drawn ages ago, is equally accurate in regard to her own married life: — "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax, and layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. Strength and honor are her clothing. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

The location of the Benson family in Brooklyn received the descriptive appellation of "Friendship's Valley," and

many were the visitors drawn to it by a magnetism as attractive as it was irresistible. A family more "given to hospitality," or one evincing a more benevolent and gracious consideration in all cases of personal need, especially as affecting the poor colored race, could not be found; and in the aggregate the number fed, lodged and succored under that sheltering roof was very large. The social welcome and communion were of the most delightful character. Hither came persons of every variety of sentiment, not for controversy or even a comparison of views, but to partake of a common baptism of the spirit, and to find the broadest catholicity. Conspicuous among these were members of the Society of Friends, highly appreciated for their walk and conversation; two of the daughters (Mary and Ann Elizabeth) having, through "convincement," accepted the views and testimonies of that Society, and conformed in dress and language thereto. But particularly did such visitors as were actively engaged in the temperance, peace, anti-slavery, and other reformatory movements receive a cordial greeting and strengthening assistance; for, in regard to all such issues, there was no division of sentiment from the oldest to the youngest of the family.

In this delightful family did that philanthropic heroine and martyr, Miss Prudence Crandall, of Canterbury (a village adjoining Brooklyn), find the warmest sympathy and the heartiest support in the midst of the fiery trials to which she was subjected. Her case is without a parallel; and the new generation which has since come upon the stage will read the facts pertaining to it as though they related to some occurrence in a remote age and among a semi-civilized people. An experienced and capable teacher, and compassionating the benighted condition of the colored population,

she was moved in 1833 to establish in Canterbury a boarding-school for "colored young ladies and little misses," and soon obtained a number of scholars — two or three of them from beyond the limits of the State. Up to that time she had been highly respected for her amiable qualities and spotless character; but for this attempt to raise the fallen and give light to the blind, she was immediately assailed in the most violent and opprobrious manner. Had she been guilty of the worst crimes of which human depravity is capable, she could not have been denounced in severer terms, or regarded with a more malignant, relentless spirit by the great body of the inhabitants of Canterbury. They were thrown into a state of what John Milton calls "demoniac phrensy," the wealthiest and most influential citizens taking the lead; Andrew T. Judson being the most culpable of these — afterwards raised to the United States judicial bench, undoubtedly for this display of rampant colorphobia and proslavery servility! Indulgence was given to the filthiest language, the wildest threats, and the basest accusations. As these were unavailing, the town conspired not to sell any food or other articles to Miss Crandall for the sustenance of herself and pupils. "Her well," says Samuel J. May in his "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict," which contain all the particulars of this insane outbreak, — "her well was defiled with the most offensive filth, and her neighbors refused her and the thirsty ones about her even a cup of cold water, leaving them to depend for that essential element upon the scanty supplies that could be brought from her father's farm, a distance of several miles. Nor was this all: the physician of the village refused to minister to any who were sick in Miss Crandall's family; and the trustees of the church forbade her to come, with any of her

pupils, into the house of the Lord ! Again : at midnight her house was assaulted by a number of persons with heavy clubs and iron bars ; five window sashes were demolished, and ninety panes of glass dashed to pieces." Next, an attempt was made to set the house on fire while the inmates were sleeping, by which the front rooms were hardly left tenable, though the building was saved. Finally, Miss Crandall was arrested and thrown into Brooklyn jail, under the *Black Law* of the State, enacted expressly by the Legislature in order to render the success of such a school impracticable ; and the result was its compulsory abandonment, after an exhibition of moral courage and personal endurance on the part of that noble woman and her promising pupils worthy of all honor and admiration.

It was while thus outlawed and defamed that Miss Crandall was received under the sheltering roof of the Benson family as one deserving of all possible respect, esteem and assistance ; and never will she forget how she was strengthened and sustained by their cheering words and unstinted hospitality throughout that extraordinary conflict ; for, after the lapse of forty-three years, she is still living to bless God for the marvellous deliverance which has since been wrought in behalf of that class so long "peeled, meted out, and trodden under foot."

Henry Egbert Benson, the youngest of the family, was a remarkable instance of early self-dedication to the cause of God and suffering humanity. At the age of sixteen his mind seemed to have attained the maturity of manhood, and his moral nature was unusually developed. Seeking only to know the right, he asked not who were its advocates or opponents, but zealously espoused it, in proportion to its unpopularity, as something more precious than life itself.

Especially is he deserving of honorable remembrance for his early and indefatigable efforts in the anti-slavery cause, upon the altar of which he offered himself a living sacrifice. As soon as he saw a copy of *The Liberator* (in 1831), he volunteered to become one of its agents, and by his zeal in procuring subscribers for it at that critical period materially helped to secure its continuance. In connection with his equally energetic and devoted brother George, he did much to cause an entire revolution in the sentiments of a considerable portion of the people of Rhode Island on the subject of slavery. In July, 1835, he was chosen Secretary and General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society; and his premature death, in his twenty-third year, was owing in part to his unremitted application in discharging the onerous duties of his office, and to the exposures to which he was subjected on various occasions. For several months he travelled with that most eloquent champion of human rights, George Thompson, of England (then everywhere vilified and mobbed as “a British emissary”), acting as his amanuensis; and he was the last abolitionist who bade farewell to Mr. Thompson, prior to his leaving for England, having gone down to St. John, N. B., to give the hunted philanthropist the parting hand.

In person he was tall, graceful and handsome; with a radiant countenance, a heart overflowing with sympathy for every phase of human misery, a conscience ever prompting to the noblest endeavors, and a spirit in an eminent degree pure, unselfish, reverential:—

“He loved the good and wise, but found
His human heart to all akin
Who met him on the common ground
Of suffering and of sin.”

With reference to this Memorial, my highly endeared friend, Rev. Samuel May, of Leicester, Mass., has communicated the following personal recollections:—

“Mrs. Garrison was about nineteen years old when I first saw her and became acquainted with her, very early in 1830. It was at the house of my cousin, Samuel J. May, in Brooklyn, Ct., and soon after at her father’s house. I spent some eight months of that year in Brooklyn, and remember them always with great delight. Especially do I think, with increasing admiration, of the two families, Mr. Benson’s and Mr. May’s. They were near neighbors, and no other house very near them. They were in almost daily communication; and when I went there, I found an intimacy and mutual affection existing between them that was beautiful to see. It was so free from constraint and formality, paid so little attention to mere ceremony, was yet so distinctly marked by respect for each other, and by self-respect on both sides, and was so constantly used for worthy ends, running by a natural inclination to subjects of interest and importance, and making even the hours of recreation not only agreeable but helpful, that to witness and participate in that happy and harmonious society was, as has been said in another case, in itself ‘a liberal education.’

“Mrs. Garrison was one of the youngest members of that circle,—which was by no means confined to those families, but took in other families scattered over the town, but often brought together by common sympathies and objects,—among whom were the Spauldings, the Williamses, the Scarboroughs, Paines, Whitecombs, and others. You see I linger over the memories of those days, and of that cheerful, intelligent, truly refined, rural society. You will not be surprised to hear that your wife was a universal favorite. She was the picture of health, and the sound mind and sound body were evidently united in her. The natural result of good spirits followed, and these were invariably present. But they were not the mere result of good health. Courtesy, thoughtfulness for others, gentle manners and kindly words were the rule of the household, and they found a ready disciple and their best soil in her, and united to form even at that early period a very attractive character. To a certain degree self-distrustful and sensitive, she would yet join as readily and easily in the mirth of her companions, when herself the subject of it, as any of them. She evidently knew the value of self-control; and if ever

the hasty word or sharp reflection rose to her lips, it was repressed, and with evident good-will. In a quite long and intimate association with that circle of friends, old and young joining easily, I never saw in her an exception to this gentle spirit, this sweet and kindly disposition. It made sunshine whenever she came among us, and, with the accompaniment of a voice in unison with her temperament, never failed to insure her a joyful welcome."

I need only say that, as soon as I saw this young and blooming maiden, I was strongly attracted to her : —

" Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

If it was not "love at first sight," on my part, it was something very like it — a magnetic influence being exerted which became irresistible on further acquaintance. But in my first letter to her I did not venture to make this avowal, but wrote simply as in the spirit of friendship, to which, with characteristic circumspection and humility, she replied : —

"I feel greatly complimented in possessing the esteem of one I so highly and justly value; but I fear your short acquaintance has not made you a sufficient judge of my inferiority. I must say, you do not know me; and I am constrained to believe that you are too sanguine in your expectations, and that disappointment would inevitably be your portion were I to accept of as much friendship as you have condescendingly offered, and which I scarcely dare trust my heart to cherish."

Afterward, when we became sacredly pledged to each other, the correspondence naturally assumed a somewhat different tone. Here beside me are the letters she ad-

dressed to me from that hour until our wedding-day. Still further to illustrate the beautiful traits in her character, I trust I may break this privacy without impropriety by quoting the following passages : —

“ I can never feel sufficiently grateful to you for having caused my heart to beat high with such joyful anticipations. But, above all, I would not forget that Being who has brightened the scenes around me, and caused joy and gladness to spring in my breast ; at the same time bidding me look forward with an eye of faith beyond the transitory scenes of life to a state of never-ending felicity.”

“ You speak of being ridiculed, and having many enemies ; but you have also many friends. And if you had not one friend in the wide world, I should love you the same ; nay, I should cling to you even closer than I now do. Your path has been one of peculiar trials, but I hope and trust no darker clouds will ever surround it.”

“ I know that I am anticipating much happiness, but how much depends on myself ! I feel all the weight and responsibility that will devolve upon me. It is indeed a most solemn obligation. May I be enabled, with Divine assistance, to perform it faithfully ! ”

“ The thought of being united to you affords me unspeakable delight ; and yet the dread of parting from home, and the beloved objects that are entwined so closely around my heart, often throws a sadness over me which for a while damps the joy that seems in reserve for me. You who have known a mother’s love, and felt the gentle pressure of the lips and the soft hand extended at all times to cheer and strengthen, and received from her those early impressions that neither time nor death can efface, will not love me the less because I am sometimes sorrowful at the thought of parting with the loved ones around me : —

‘ Who has not known a mother’s voice, and felt
Its power to soothe, to move, to sway, to melt ?
And when for those she loves that voice is prayer,
Angels aloft its supplications bear.’ ”

“How rapidly the time approaches when I shall surrender myself to you, with a holy pledge to live always so as to secure your approbation and love; but, above all, to approximate nearer His throne who is infinitely lovely, and worthy of our highest adoration and praise! I tremble sometimes, and am utterly cast down and disquieted within me, knowing my inability to serve you as I ought; and I start back with the exclamation, ‘Thou, Father, knowest what is best for thy erring and dependent child!’ I am sure I have not been hasty; but it is a solemn vow I am to make before heaven and earth; and if I do not feel what I profess, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!”

Even at this remote period, I confess that my emotional nature is powerfully stirred within me as I contemplate the loving trustfulness and moral courage exhibited by her in accepting my proffered hand and heart. For her own home was the abode of happiness and love; her fond parents were still living to bestow upon her their daily benediction; her brothers and sisters, overflowing with affection, were around her; she was the specially favored one of the family, because the youngest daughter; all the comforts of life were abundantly assured to her; and her domestic and local attachments were exceedingly strong. And what was my situation? I was struggling against wind and tide to maintain *The Liberator*; the chances of speedily realizing what are “the uses of adversity,” even as touching the ordinary conveniences of life, were imminent. Moreover, for my espousal of the cause of the despised negro, I was then universally derided and anathematized; I had the worst possible reputation as a madman and fanatic; my personal safety was in continual jeopardy, and it was extremely problematical how long it would be before the hand of the assassin would terminate my life, or my abduction be effected by hired kidnappers from the South, especially after the State of Georgia had, by legislative enactment, offered a

reward of five thousand dollars for my seizure and presentation within her limits. Surely, thus situated, thus estimated, thus daily liable to a murderous "taking off," it required no ordinary courage and affection for one so delicately nurtured as was this dear maiden to make such a change and to take such a risk; but she was thoughtfully as well as bravely prepared to look all possible consequences in the face. It is true, I was not without warm friends, genuine sympathizers, inestimable co-workers; but, numerically, these were only as drops to the pouring rain, and, being themselves also under ban, could confer no credit and afford no protection.

Our marriage was consummated in Brooklyn on the 4th of September, 1834, our attached friend Rev. Samuel J. May officiating on the occasion. By mutual agreement there was neither wine nor wedding-cake provided for those who witnessed the ceremony, but a bountiful dinner was substituted, of which all were cordially invited to partake, and there was no lack of festive enjoyment.

For the first seven months we resided in "Freedom's Cottage" — the name we gave it — directly back of the present elegant mansion of Major Joseph H. Chadwick, on Walnut (then called Back) Street, in Roxbury. It was a very picturesque and romantic location — a beautiful grove, which still remains, being adjacent to the cottage, and an extended and charming rural vista opening from the piazza. Now the whole region is so changed, by the running of streets and the multiplication of residences, as to be no longer recognizable. Its isolation rendered it somewhat solitary, but created no anxiety in the bosom of the young bride, except that it made it easy, on my going to it after night-fall, for any ruffians to waylay me. Before bringing

her to the spot, I wrote her a description of it, expressing my fear that she might find it unpleasantly lonesome. This was her answer : —

“ My short experience has convinced me that the quiet and repose of the country are much more favorable to serious reflection than the city. In the latter there is so much to attract the attention that, between visiting and company, little space is left for the improvement of the heart or bettering of the understanding. The gay and dissipated have few intervals for serious thought; reflection is banished from the mind as the bane of human happiness.”

However, we were frequently cheered by the visits of our anti-slavery friends, and it was seldom that we had “ an unoccupied bed in the house.” It was our privilege and delight to give hospitable shelter and entertainment to George Thompson and family on their arrival from England, until they could make other arrangements. There are hallowed memories still clustering around the spot, though the cottage has since been destroyed by fire.

Mr. Thompson afterward rented a house in Brighton Street in the city, but the popular feeling, stimulated by the daily press, became so malignant toward him as seriously to endanger his personal safety, and by the advice of his friends he sought a quiet retreat on a farm near Marblehead. To prevent his lease being pecuniarily burdensome, I assumed it, and accordingly occupied the house that he had vacated. The location was favorable to the successful perpetration of any outrage that pro-slavery malevolence might concoct; and we were much annoyed, from time to time, by the demeanor of evil-looking roughts near our premises, who evidently meant mischief. One morning a strongly built gallows, having two nooses dangling from it — one for Mr. Thompson, the other for myself — appeared

erected before my street door. The following description of it is copied from the Boston *Transcript* of September 17, 1835 : —

“The residents in Brighton Street and vicinity were a good deal alarmed this morning, on discovering a gallows erected in front of Mr. Garrison’s house, accommodated with cords, arranged with hangmen’s knots, and all that sort of thing, *à l’amiable* — as if execution were to be ‘done on Cawdor.’ It bore the superscription, ‘By order of Judge Lynch.’ It excited considerable curiosity and attracted a host of idlers, but occasioned no excitement, although it produced much merriment. It was taken down about half past ten, innocent of slaughter. It reminded us of a verse of Sophomore poetry, that we used to repeat once with a good deal of gusto, descriptive of the blazonry, or what some ‘wise fools’ thought ought to have been the escutcheon of the College — to wit : —

Two sticks rampant,
One stick couchant,
One rope pendant,
And *Ashur* on the end on ‘t.

But this rope had nothing ‘on the end on ‘t,’ and that spoils the rhythm.”

The Boston *Commercial Gazette* — the most venomous pro-slavery journal in the city — noticed the outrage in this manner : —

“A gallows was erected in Brighton Street, on Thursday night, directly opposite the residence of the infamous Garrison. According to the inscription on it, it was raised ‘by order of Judge Lynch.’ ”

Five weeks afterward, on the memorable 21st of October, a mob of five thousand persons, instigated by so called “gentlemen of property and standing,” congregated in front of the Anti-Slavery Office, 46 Washington Street, for the purpose of dispersing a meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, and also of seizing Mr. Thompson, “that

infamous foreign scoundrel,"¹ and giving him (as an illustration of American patriotism) a coat of tar and feathers; but, fortunately, he was not in the city. Disappointed of their prey, but seeing that I was in attendance, they laid violent hands upon me as a substitute, and nearly stripping me of my clothing sought to drag me to the Common, in order to inflict upon me the coat of tar and feathers they had designed for Mr. Thompson. After a sharp struggle, I was rescued from their grasp by the Mayor,² aided by an extemporized posse; but it was judged necessary to incarcerate me in the Leverett Street jail that night, on the simulated charge of being a disturber of the peace, but only in truth with reference to my personal safety. I forbear going into further particulars, as nearly all the friends for whose perusal this Memorial is specially intended are familiar with the transactions of that black-letter day in the history of Boston.

Having promised the ladies connected with the Society that I would address them on the occasion, I took an early

¹ The following mob-inciting placard, issued from the office of the *Boston Commercial Gazette*, was posted in all parts of the city on the morning of the riot:—

"THOMPSON, THE ABOLITIONIST. That infamous foreign scoundrel, THOMPSON, will hold forth this afternoon at the Liberator Office, No. 48 [46], Washington Street. The present is a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to *snake Thompson out!* It will be a contest between the Abolitionists and the friends of the Union. A purse of \$100 has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens to reward the individual who shall first lay violent hands on Thompson, so that he may be brought to the tar-kettle before dark. Friends of the Union, be vigilant!

"*Boston, Wednesday, 12 o'clock.*"

² Giving the Mayor (THEODORE LYMAN) what credit is due to him for this interposition, he was, nevertheless, highly culpable during the riot in not recognizing the rioters as such, but addressing them only as gentlemen and fellow-citizens; in consenting to their clamorous demand that the sign, "ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE," should be thrown down to them, to be jubilantly broken in pieces; in peremptorily ordering the ladies assembled to disperse forthwith to their homes; and in neglecting to read the Riot Act, or to take the necessary measures to preserve the peace of the city.

dinner and hastened to the meeting to ensure my entrance into the hall ; but even then the rioters were in such numbers that it was with great difficulty I succeeded. I went, not knowing indeed what things would befall me, but having no doubt that the malignity of the crowd would be transferred from Mr. Thompson to myself. My dear wife followed as quickly as practicable, but found all communication with the hall cut off ; a sore disappointment to her, as she fully intended to be one of that heroic company of women who showed by their prompt attendance that though there might be many to molest, “there were none that could make afraid.” Though she was conscious of the danger to which in all probability I should be exposed, yet she made no plea in advance as to the duty or expediency of my remaining at home, at least for her sake ; but with calmness and fortitude was ready to suffer with or for me, as the emergency might require. When the tidings were brought to her of what had befallen me, she indicated her unshaken faith in my steadfastness by saying, “I do not believe my husband will be untrue to his principles.” And here let me add, on no occasion, however perilous, during the whole anti-slavery conflict, did she ever counsel a less personal exposure or a more moderate course of action on my part. On the contrary, it was her desire that I should at all times be firm, courageous, and true to my highest convictions ; and I all the more bless her memory for a coöperation that was so essential to my domestic tranquillity and public service : —

“ For she could see the shadow of her soul
In all my work, and was well-pleased to feel
That I could ne’er be rightly true to her,
If I were recreant to higher aims.

She did not grant to me so rich a fief
 As her full love on any harder tenure
 Than that of rendering her a single heart;
 And I did service for her priceless gift
 Then best when I obeyed my soul, and trod
 In reverence the path of rectitude."

At the time of the mob referred to, she was ere long to become a mother; hence her situation was all the more trying and critical. As "the air was hot with flame" and the city delirious with excitement, it was deemed advisable, to avoid the risk of a premature birth, that she should make a visit to her parental home in Brooklyn, where the needful repose could be found. A loving reception awaited her, and there she remained until the advent of her first-born.

I do not propose to narrate the subsequent changes and vicissitudes of our married life, though many of them were of singular interest. In due time seven children were given to us, whose filial affection and exemplary behavior well repaid whatever of parental care and nurture was bestowed upon them.¹

But, with straitened means and little secondary help, the burdens imposed by such a growing family, falling mainly upon the wife and mother, are too common in the conjugal relation for special consideration here. Suffice it to say, they were borne by her with never-failing cheerful-

¹ The following is the genealogical record of the children:—

- (1.) George Thompson, born February 13, 1836, in Brooklyn, Conn.
- (2.) William Lloyd, born January 21, 1838, in Boston.
- (3.) Wendell Phillips, born June 4, 1840, in Cambridgeport, Mass.
- (4.) Charles Follen, born September 9, 1842, in Cambridgeport, Mass.; died April 8, 1849, in Boston.
- (5.) Helen Frances, born December 16, 1844, in Boston.
- (6.) Elizabeth Pease, born December 11, 1846, in Boston; died there April 20, 1848.
- (7.) Francis Jackson, born October 29, 1848, in Boston.

ness and an inborn aptitude. No home duty or need was ever neglected or postponed by her. She combined the "old fashioned" virtues of prudence and economy in the use of means, and few knew better than herself how "to make the two ends meet." Quick and skilful in its use, she was assiduous in plying her needle when not otherwise engaged, and dexterous in contrivance in all matters of dress for herself and little ones. Her taste was excellent; and while she had a strong dislike for mere finery, she duly appreciated what was becoming and beautiful. In nothing did she seek conspicuity; her home was the shrine of her affection and the heaven of her happiness, and from it she rarely absented herself, except on errands of mercy in behalf of the poor and needy; and what it was to her, she made it to all her family, full and overflowing.

Besides the ordinary cares of housekeeping, her strength, endurance, and sometimes equanimity, were severely taxed on the score of hospitality;¹ for we were seldom without guests, invited or uninvited, desirable or otherwise, for more than a quarter of a century, even until the year of jubilee. This was mainly owing to the fact that there were only a few avowed abolitionists in Boston, and of this number less than half a dozen were in a situation to offer welcome and entertainment to anti-slavery lecturers, country delegates, and visitors to the various anti-slavery anniversaries, newly made converts, strangers from abroad, and fugitive slaves. There were others who gave us their company because of an interest in the cause of temperance, or non-resistance,

¹ It so happens that at this moment an old letter of hers to an absent son is put into my hand, in which she says:—"We shall live as much as possible within our means this year; but you know this is the home for the stranger, and like a hotel all the time, and will doubtless continue to be such." But not a word of complaint or discouragement.

or some other movement, or because of some peculiar crotchet of their own. But this constant influx, though not without its trials and embarrassments, — more commonly with its enlivening influences, — was invariably met by this good housewife in a sweet and gracious manner, notwithstanding the heavy load it imposed upon her, single-handed as she was much of the time as to help; for it was, throughout, “a labor of love” and sympathy for the poor imbruted slaves, whose cause was thus to be aided by hospitable entertainment of its friends and advocates, and so far a serviceable contribution to the anti-slavery treasury. In this connection her executive force and elasticity of spirit were particularly noteworthy, inasmuch as at a comparatively early period, by the overturning of a carriage, the ulna of her right arm was forced out of its socket; causing a permanent dislocation, through the culpable misjudgment of the surgeon employed, which would have rendered the arm entirely useless but for the seasonable intervention of a more skilful practitioner.

The first sad vacancy in the family circle was made by the death of a lovely infant daughter — “blossom of being, seen and gone.” Has there not been, ere this, a blissful meeting of mother and child?

“Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the anxious night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?”

Another yet more afflicting vacancy occurred at the death of our fourth son, Charles Follen — named after one of my dearest friends and supporters, the lamented Professor of

Harvard University, whose tragic end by the burning of the steamer *Lexington*, in Long Island Sound, will long be mournfully remembered. Our darling was in the seventh year of his age — as bright, beautiful and loving as parental affection and aspiration could desire — full of promise, beaming with intelligence, and “the very picture of blooming health;” but he was suddenly stricken with brain-fever, induced by a lamentable exposure, from which he never rallied. His mother never fully recovered from the blow. Writing to a distant friend at the time with reference to the sad event, she said: —

“You knew and loved the noble boy, and can imagine the aching void there is in our bosoms, and how desolate we are made by the removal of our loved and cherished one. Every hour, indeed every moment, he is before me in all his beauty and freshness;¹ and I long to clasp him to my heart, and hear once more those joyous notes which would be music to my soul. I try to be resigned, I endeavor to be cheerful, but it is all forced; my heart is ready to break.”

The sting of this deep anguish lay in her conviction that the dear boy had been prematurely cut off by his case not having been properly treated; and, therefore, like “Rachel, mourning for her children,” she “refused to be comforted;” so deep-rooted and intense was her maternal nature.

On the 23d of February, 1861, she completed her fiftieth year. Here is a congratulatory letter addressed to her on

¹ Recalling the pathetic effusion by Rev. John Pierpont, elicited by a similar bereavement in his own case, commencing —

“I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes — he is not there!”

that anniversary, of the preservation of which I was ignorant until this hour. Written only for her own perusal, may I be pardoned for giving it in this connection, as illustrative of the estimation in which she was held by all her family?

“MY BELOVED WIFE:

“Your feet stand upon the summit-level of half a century. To-day completes your fiftieth year! Our dear children and I most lovingly congratulate you on the auspicious event, not on account of increasing age, but because of the prolongation of your life to this hour, in good health. We desire to present to you such a token of that love as will prove alike useful and ornamental, though utterly inadequate, and therefore we wish you to accept the accompanying gold watch, which will mark the hours as they fly till time with you shall be no longer, and you shall enter that heavenly sphere where there shall be neither death nor decay, but ‘all are as the angels of God.’ With its every tick will beat in unison our hearts’ affectionate pulsations towards you, subject, however, to ‘no variableness, nor shadow of turning.’

“As a wife, for a period of more than twenty-six years, you have left nothing undone to smoothen the rugged pathway of my public career — to render home the all-powerful magnet of attraction, and the focal point of domestic enjoyment — to make my welfare and happiness at all times a matter of tender solicitude — and to demonstrate the depth and fixedness of that love which you so long ago plighted to me. If I have not been profuse with lip acknowledgments of your constancy and worth, be assured it is not because I have not clearly perceived and fully appreciated them, but because words seem expressionless in such a case. The highest praise is conveyed where no fault is ever found with the manner in which you discharge the daily household responsibilities resting upon you, but, on the contrary, where every thing is quietly recognized as complete and perfect. Whatever of human infirmity we may have seen in each other, I believe few have enjoyed more unalloyed bliss in wedded life than ourselves.

“As a mother, you have ever been watchful, devoted, unwearied. Our children will always have cause to be grateful for the manner in which you have consulted their comfort, safety and happiness, — sparing no labor in their behalf, exerting upon them a blessed influence, and folding them in the arms of your motherly affection.

“ As for the future —

‘ Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.’

“ Dear wife and mother ! we unitedly join in giving you our fervent benediction, and wishing you many a happy birthday.

“ In behalf of all the children,

“ YOUR LOVING HUSBAND.”

It was a fortunate as well as remarkable coincidence, that her health never broke down from the time of her marriage until after the Proclamation of Emancipation by President Lincoln had given the death-blow to the slave system : thus releasing her from those domestic labors and liabilities to which she had so long been habituated. Still, these had never impaired her zeal and activity, through the long and arduous struggle preceding and ultimating in that great act of justice, in soliciting contributions, working diligently with her hands, and rendering whatever other assistance she could, to crown with success the Boston Anti-Slavery Bazaar, as one of its managers, from year to year — a method of raising funds and giving a fresh impetus to the cause, then of primary importance. Afterward, transferring her benevolent interest to the relief and enlightenment of the suddenly emancipated bondmen, she did what she could to promote that urgent supplemental work.

Hitherto she had remained closely at home, declining all solicitations to seek even a brief respite from family cares ; but she was now ready to accompany me to Philadelphia, where, on the 4th of December, 1863, the thirtieth anniversary of the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society was celebrated, — an occasion of the highest enjoyment to

her, meeting as she did so many of the devoted workers in the cause, and receiving from the friends in Philadelphia such an affectionate greeting. Returning to her home shortly afterward, and while apparently in the very fulness of health, she received a paralytic stroke on the night of the 29th of the same month, affecting the entire left side, which rendered her insensible, and for a long period entirely helpless, and terminated all further activity in the sphere she had so usefully filled. It was now her turn to be ministered unto for the remainder of life, instead of ministering unto others; though, to the last, her disposition to help herself and avoid giving trouble to others was evinced on all occasions.

It was always a solace to remember that her last efforts were in behalf of the poor Southern freedmen, as she had devoted a considerable portion of that day in soliciting aid for them in various directions; those upon whom she called remarking her glowing features, as one to be envied for her fine physical condition.

In 1840 and 1846, I was deputed to visit Great Britain in furtherance of the anti-slavery cause. It was a hard struggle to leave her who so much needed my presence and assistance; but for the slave's sake, she not only cheerfully consented to my going, but desired me to forget all family considerations, notwithstanding the prolonged absence that must follow in each instance. But this was prior to her paralytic condition, and therefore her characteristic self-sacrificing spirit was less strikingly exhibited than when, though thus heavily stricken, she again approved of my crossing the Atlantic, partly on a similar errand, and partly with reference to the impaired state of my health. This was in 1867; thus enabling me to participate as a delegate in the

World's Anti-Slavery Conference at Paris, and to join with my old and endeared co-laborers in Great Britain in mutual congratulations that not a slave was left to clank his chains on the American soil. Her readiness to forego all thought of herself was the more touching, seeing that her only daughter and youngest son were at that time in Europe. In a letter to the former, with her accustomed humility, she wrote as follows : —

“ You give me altogether too much credit for self-forgetfulness. I fear I possess a small amount, compared to the dear ones who watched me through my sickness so fondly and with such untiring devotion, when my nervous system was so deranged. I should indeed be ungrateful if I could not make some sacrifices for others' pleasure. . . . I cannot express the joy I feel at being permitted to see three of my children happily married ; and really I do not know how I could have borne the separation, if I did not live over in my children all their joys again. I have been wonderfully sustained, and trust I may be spared till I have seen you all once more in the flesh ; but if ordered otherwise, you will be comforted by the reflection that your duty towards your mother was most faithfully performed. If there are regrets, they will be on my own side ; though I can truly say I did wish to perform my duty to each and all of you.”

And again, at a later date : —

“ My happiness is in seeing others made to feel that they are appreciated, and to add my mite to their enjoyment. . . . But I need nothing so much as your dear smiling face to cheer and enliven my few remaining days.”

Writing to her husband, then in Paris, she said : —

“ Our children are all good, and thoughtful of me in their attentions, and I feel amply repaid and ever grateful for such blessings. If I do not enjoy health, I have my family to compensate for its loss, and the discipline no doubt I needed. Then I am so glad that *you* were spared the trial, and that it came to me instead, whose usefulness was small at any time. Though I feel your absence so much, I bear up serenely, knowing, if all is well, the welcome day will arrive to unite us more lov-

ingly than ever ; therefore do not feel the slightest uneasiness on my account. Enjoy all you can. It does me good to think of you all with such opportunities for seeing so much that is novel, entertaining and attractive."

Surely, this was a large sacrifice for her to make, and clear proof of innate self-forgetfulness.

A conspicuous trait in her character was a strong dislike of anything like tattling. Another one was, if at any time prompted to condemn or criticise something unseemly in others, she was sure to more than balance the account by recalling what she deemed was to their credit ; so kind was she in her feelings, and so wishful to judge righteously.

" She had that gift of patient tenderness,
The instinctive wisdom of a woman's heart,
Which, seeing Right, can yet forget the Wrong,
And, strong itself to comfort and sustain,
Yet leans with full-confiding piety
On the great Spirit that enriches all."

Some months after she became a paralytic, we removed from Boston, by the advice of our family physician, to Roxbury Highlands, three miles from the centre of the city, where we fortunately secured a most desirable residence, with highly attractive surroundings, and on an elevation that furnished an abundance of air and light. For more than eleven years, sitting daily at the same window, she resignedly passed the remainder of her days, with her faculties well preserved and her general health excellent, greatly enjoying the visits of her numerous friends, habitually cheerful, giving herself to much reading, and using her pen in epistolary writing as a pleasant recreation. Fortunately, with one exception, all her children were either with or near her most of the time, to relieve the tediousness of her

confinement by their cheering companionship and affectionate attentions. She lived to see four of them happily married, and herself crowned with eleven dear grandchildren as a sequence : —

“ And in the mother’s heart found room for all ! ”

This shall be recorded to her praise : during that long period, in no instance did ever a murmur escape her lips at her crippled lot ; still, it troubled her that she had to be so dependent upon others, even though they were of her own household, and especially that she could not exert herself for the good of others as aforetime. But this regret was mitigated by the consoling reflection that sustained Milton in his blindness —

“ They also serve who only stand and wait ; ”

and no finer panegyric was ever bestowed than this : “ She hath done what she could.”

If she could no longer be actively employed, her mind was, if possible, even more exercised in thinking of the necessities and deprivations of others, and in distributing with a liberal hand what she had to bestow ; knowing by experience how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.

Christmas eve (1875) she participated in the festivities of the occasion — her children, grandchildren, neighbors and friends crowding the parlor to witness the brilliantly illuminated gift tree, laden with numerous beautiful tokens of loving remembrances, and to join in those mutual kind wishes which the Christmas season never fails to elicit. Her happiness was greatly enhanced by the presence of her beloved daughter, for whose return from a foreign land she had for some time been anxiously waiting, and who was now to be her daily comfort and inspiration.

On the succeeding 21st of January, the birthday anniversary of one of her children, she received and gave congratulations, and enjoyed a social visit from an attached friend, giving no indication of what was impending. The next day she showed signs of weakness and distress, proceeding from a sudden cold; but though these symptoms continued to grow worse, and her sufferings to increase, no thought of her dissolution was entertained until the morning of the 25th, when she expired without a struggle. It was a case of acute pneumonia.

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“ She hath done her bidding here,
 Angels dear!
 Bear her ransomed soul above,
 Seraph of the skies, — sweet love!
 Good she was, and fair in youth;
 And her mind was seen to soar,
 And her heart was wed to truth:
 Take her, then, forevermore, —
 Forever — evermore ! ”

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W. L. G.

TRIBUTES AT THE FUNERAL.

THE funeral took place at the home, 125 Highland Street, Roxbury, on Thursday, January 27, at noon. As the rooms would not have contained all who would have wished to attend, no public announcement of it was made, but in spite of a snow-storm that prevailed, the parlors were filled with a large assemblage of friends gathered to testify their love and respect for her whose spirit had departed. There were present some who had known her in her girlhood, before her marriage; others who had welcomed her when, as a young bride, she had first come to Boston, and so cheerfully taken up her share of that cross which lay upon all who were engaged in the slave's cause; and many who had been co-laborers with her husband and herself in the work to which their lives were given. The friend (Rev. Samuel May) who conducted the services was one of these, and was, moreover, a near relative of the sainted minister who had united them in marriage. The chief eulogy was fittingly spoken by Mr. Phillips, who had been for many long years the intimate friend and associate of them both. Dr. Putnam testified to the esteem and affection with which the patient invalid was regarded by the neighborhood in which she had spent the last eleven years of her life, — the years when her bodily powers were so crippled, but her mind and thought

for others remained so active ; and Mrs. Lucy Stone added a few feeling words of tribute.

The sweet face in the casket bore no trace of pain or suffering, but looked fresh and fair, as if fifteen years had been taken from the life of the sleeper, and all who looked upon it rejoiced that they could carry away so pleasant a memory. Loving hands had draped the portrait which hung in the parlor with smilax, and flowers in rich profusion were brought and laid upon and around the casket. The cheerful light of day was not excluded, and the occasion, though sad and tender, was without gloom. All of her children were present ; and the presence of the husband and father, who was confined to his bed by illness, was alone wanting to complete the family group, in which Death had now entered for the first time in twenty-seven years.

REMARKS OF REV. SAMUEL MAY.

That event has come to this household which all her friends — and they were many — have known must come at no remote period ; which comes to all of us, sometimes unawares ; but as it comes here, it brings no gloom with it, no despondency, no shaking of faith, no impairing of trust ; but an increase of faith, of trust, of love, and of thankfulness to the Father of us all.

Mr. May then read some appropriate passages from the Scriptures, after which Wendell Phillips spoke as follows : —

REMARKS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

How hard it is to let our friends go ! We cling to them as if separation were separation forever ; and yet, as life nears its end, and we tread the last years together, have we

any right to be surprised that the circle grows narrow? — that so many fall, one after another, at our side? Death seems to strike very frequently; but it is only the natural, inevitable fate, however sad for the moment.

Some of us can recollect, only twenty years ago, the large and loving group that lived and worked together; the joy of companionship, sympathy with each other — almost our only joy — for the outlook was very dark, and our toil seemed almost vain. The world's dislike of what we aimed at, the social frown, obliged us to be all the world to each other; and yet it was a full life. The life was worth living; the labor was its own reward; we lacked nothing.

As I stand by this dust, my thoughts go freshly back to those pleasant years when the warp and woof of her life were woven so close to the rest of us; when the sight of it was such an inspiration. How cheerfully she took up daily the burden of sacrifice and effort! With what serene courage she looked into the face of peril to her own life, and to those who were dearer to her than life! A young bride brought under such dark skies, and so ready for them! Trained among Friends, with the blood of martyrdom and self-sacrifice in her veins, she came so naturally to the altar! And when the gallows was erected in front of the young bride's windows, never from that stout soul did the husband get look or word that bade him do anything but go steadily forward, and take no counsel of man. Sheltered in the jail, a great city hunting for his life, how strong he must have been when they brought him his young wife's brave words: "I know my husband will never betray his principles!" Helpmeet, indeed, for the pioneer in that terrible fight! The most unselfish of human beings, she poured all her strength into the lives of those about her, without asking

acknowledgment or recognition, unconscious of the sacrifice. With marvellous ability, what would have been weary burdens to others, she lifted so gaily ! A young mother, with the cares of a growing family, not rich in means, only her own hands to help, yet never failing in cheerful welcome to every call ; doing for others as if her life was all leisure and her hands full. What rare executive ability, doing a great deal, and so easily as to never seem burdened ! Who ever saw her reluct at any sacrifice her own purpose or her husband's made necessary ? No matter how long and weary the absence, no matter how lonely he left her, she cheered and strengthened him to the sacrifice if his great cause asked it. The fair current of her husband's grand purpose swept on unchecked by any distracting anxiety. Her energy and unselfishness left him all his strength free for the world's service.

Many of you have seen her only in years when illness hindered her power. You can hardly appreciate the large help she gave the anti-slavery movement.

That home was a great help. Her husband's word and pen scattered his purpose far and wide ; but the comrades that his ideas brought to his side her welcome melted into friends. No matter how various and discordant they were in many things — no matter how much there was to bear and overlook — her patience and her thanks for their sympathy in the great idea were always sufficient for this work also. She made a family of them, and her roof was always a home for all. I never shall forget the deep feeling — his voice almost breaking to tears — with which Henry C. Wright told me of the debt his desolate life owed to this home. And who shall say how much that served the great cause ? Yet drudgery did not choke thought ; care never

narrowed her interest. She was not merely the mother, or the head of a home : her own life and her husband's moved hand in hand in such loving accord, seemed so exactly one, that it was hard to divide their work. At the fireside, — in the hours, not frequent, of relaxation, — in scenes of stormy debate, — that beautiful presence, of rare sweetness and dignity, what an inspiration and power it was ! And then the mother — fond, painstaking, faithful ! No mother who bars every generous thought out from her life, and in severe seclusion forgets everything but her children — no such mother was ever more exact in every duty, ready for every care, faithful at every point, more lavish in fond thoughtfulness, than this mother, whose cares never narrowed the broad idea of life she brought from her girlhood's home.

Who can forget her modest dignity — shrinkingly modest — yet ever equal to the high place events called her to ? In that group of remarkable men and women which the anti-slavery movement drew together, she had her own niche, — which no one else could have filled so perfectly or unconsciously as she did. And in that rounded life no over zeal in one channel, no extra service at one point, needs be offered as excuse for shortcoming elsewhere. She forgot, omitted nothing. How much we all owe her ! She is not dead. She has gone before ; but she has not gone away. Nearer than ever, this very hour she watches and ministers to those in whose lives she was so wrapped ; to whose happiness she was so devoted. Who thinks that loving heart could be happy if it were not allowed to minister to those she loved ? How easy it is to fancy the welcome the old faces have given her ! The honored faces ; the familiar faces ; the old tones, that have carried her back to the pleas-

ant years of health, and strength, and willing labor ! How gladly she broke the bonds that hindered her activity ! There are more there than here. Very slight the change seems to her ! She has not left us, — she has rejoined them. She has joined the old band that worked life-long for the true and the good. The dear, familiar names, how freshly they come to our lips ! We can see them bend over and lift her up to them, to a broader life. Faith is sight to-day. She works on a higher level ; ministers to old ideas ; guards those she went through life with so lovingly. Even in that higher work they watch for our coming also. Let the years yet spared us here be warning to make ourselves fit for that companionship !

The separation is hard. Nature will have its way. “The heart knoweth its own bitterness,” and for a while loves to dwell on it ; needs perhaps to dwell on it. But the hour is just here, knocking at the door, when we shall thank God not only for the long years of companionship, and health, and example, which she has given us, but for this great relief : that, in fulness of time, in loving-kindness, He hath broken the bond which hindered her. No heaven that is not a home to her. She worked with God here, and He has taken her into his presence. We are sad because of the void at our side. It is hard to have the path so empty around us. We miss that face and those tones. But that is the body : limited, narrow, of little faith. The soul shines through in a moment, sees its own destiny, and thanks God for the joyous change. We draw sad breaths now. We miss the magnet that kept this home together. We miss the tie that bound so lovingly into one life so many lives. That is broken. We peer into the future, and fear for another void still, and a narrower circle, not knowing

which of us will be taken next. With an effort of patience — with half-submission — we bow to God's dealings. That is only for an hour. In a little while we shall remember the grand life ; we shall thank God for the contribution it has made to the educating forces of the race ; for the good it has been prompted to do ; for the part it had strength to play in the grandest drama of our generation ; and then, with our eyes lifted, and not dimmed by tears, we shall be able to say, out of a full heart, “Thou doest all things well. Blessed be Thy name ! Blessed be Thy name for the three-score overflowing years ; for the sunny sky she was permitted finally to see — the hated name made immortal — the perilled life guarded by a nation's gratitude ; for the capstone put on with shoutings ; that she was privileged to enter the promised land and rest in the triumph, with the family circle unbroken — all she loved about her ! And blessed be Thy name, Father, that in due time, with gracious and tender loving-kindness, Thou didst break the bonds that hindered her true life, and take her to higher service in thine immediate presence ! ”

MR. MAY. Dr. Putnam, a near neighbor and friend of Mr. and Mrs. Garrison, is with us, and it is hoped that he may be moved to make some remarks to us now.

REMARKS OF REV. DR. PUTNAM.

I feel loath to mar the impression that has just been made by the remarks of Mr. Phillips, and yet I feel grateful for the privilege accorded me by this family to say a word. All I can say will be as the representative of this little neighborhood, where this dear woman has spent only the closing

years of her life, when her strength was gone and the flower of her days was passed. And yet I would be glad that her numerous friends from abroad, and from the city proper, should know that we, too, appreciated her, even with our slight opportunity of acquaintance. Mr. Phillips has given a sketch of her life and character that to me is new, for I knew nothing of it before. He has told us of all that was lovely and gentle; of all that was strong and noble. We in this neighborhood could not be said to know this before; and yet we did know it. We divined it all. We could see it all in the presence and the spirit of that poor lame invalid. Those qualities were no longer in vigorous action; but they were there just the same, and we all saw them. She would sit at that window in the opposite parlor, day after day, year after year, it seemed to me, looking out upon us, to see what was going on, and we knew perfectly well that she felt a tender and kindly human interest in us all. We could measure the depths of her heart, and see what they would be in the circumstances of her strong years. She knew us all, though she could very rarely climb our doorsteps to give us a call, and was not always able to see us if we came to see her; but she cared for us all, and we knew that. Not with the interest of a gossip, but with the interest of kindly sympathies and a large, warm heart; inquiring for us all, showing an interest in us all. And, then, what she had been to her family! She has only appeared, since she has been here, as an invalid, sitting in her chair to be waited upon; and the way in which the family cherished her, the way in which they attended her, showed that it was not mere duty, — to bear a burden. The very manner of their waiting upon her, of their speaking to her, told us, although they did not know that they were telling

us, that they considered her the best of them all ; that she had been the main beam of the family fabric to their feeling ; that she was the one who had been the light of their dwelling, and was still, and would be, however infirm or helpless ; that she had been the sunshine of their hearts. They could not help telling us, though they never said a word about it.

I only wanted to say that we knew before all that Mr. Phillips told us ; that is, we had divined it all. We shall miss her from the neighborhood. We could see but little of her. She could do but little ; but she was a kindly influence. We shall miss it. What the loss will be to this family it is not for me to say, nor for anybody else ; but I know they will be grateful as long as they live for all that she has been to them and done for them ; and I know they will be especially grateful for all that they have been privileged to be to her and to do for her. They will be willing, now that her work has all been done, and so well done ; her burden all borne, and so patiently and sweetly borne, — they will be willing that the worn frame should go to its rest, and fall into that sleep which God giveth his beloved. They know that it is not a real parting. She will be with them, and they know it, by innumerable pleasant and blessed memories ; by influences more than they can measure ; and with them in what angelic service we know not ; but yet their own — their very own, forever.

MR. MAY. I know it will be grateful to the family, and I so understand, if others who may feel moved to add a word of regret and sympathy will do so. There are those here who knew our dear friend, and have known her for many years. I see Lucy Stone here, who was so near to

her, and also other friends, the expression of whose sympathy will be, I have no doubt, acceptable.

REMARKS OF MRS. LUCY STONE.

One does not know what to say at a time like this. But our sympathy is with those who are bereaved. Tender and beautiful tributes have been paid to the sleeper there. We know that this family will miss her from the chair where she always sat, and from the window out of which she was accustomed to look on the moving world in which she could take no active part, even more than if she had not been almost limited to that one spot.

We who come up to her door shall miss the welcome she always gave, and her parting smile when we went away. But the pleasant and hallowed memories are left, and will always remain.

This dear friend, by reason of her infirmities in later years, was unable to participate in the reform work which went on all around her. But she rendered valuable service by her earnest interest, by her quiet and cheerful presence. She took things as they came, and encouraged those who were in the midst of the work.

For the young people she had always a word. They too will miss her as well as we who are older. We are all of us going after her, and I only wish that we could go as well assured that what we had to do was done as thoroughly, as patiently, and with as much of the true spirit that ought to be in us all, as we believe she had who sat a patient waiter, working in her waiting.

MR. MAY. John Milton wrote some lines on a dear friend, a lady, which may be appropriately read as applicable to her in whose memory we are assembled : —

“When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of mortal life, which us from life doth sever.
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavor,
 Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
 But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss forever.
 Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best,
 Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.”

My friends, I feel that our whole service here — if service it may be called — the whole spontaneous utterance of the hour, the heart-felt tributes, the beautiful aspirations, have all been a prayer of the best kind. Our thoughts have been carried upwards; carried by her and her memory, carried by those who have so feelingly and touchingly spoken to us, up to the Father of our spirits and to the pure, immortal streams where now she walks. There is no need of formal prayer. This household has ever believed in the prayer of the life more than in that of the lips. Yet, when I first knew Helen Benson, — and I do not know but that, with the exception of her own sister, I am the one in this house who has known her longest of any, longer even than her husband, — she was a girl of but nineteen years, fresh and bright, in the village of Brooklyn, Connecticut, a member of the religious Society of my cousin, Samuel J. May, and a faithful helper of his, young as she was; a constant sympathizer with him in all the good work he attempted to do, and his dear friend as long as he lived. She often prayed with him in word and spirit; and, because of those memo-

ries, I will close this service with a brief, God grant it be not a formal, prayer!

We look up to Thee, our Father in heaven, with our hearts' blessing, with trust and supplication: with our prayer for Thy pity and Thy forgiveness. We come to Thee, knowing that it is our chief privilege to be able to have communion with Thee in thought, and to be fellow-workers with Thee in our life; knowing that it is our only honor and distinction to be indeed Thy sons and Thy daughters; true, willing, constant subjects of Thy government; living in Thy service, and so living as to find that it is perfect freedom. We remember before Thee in this hour all that life which has been recounted in its spirit before us at this time, and all of which is seen and known of Thee so perfectly. We remember it with thankfulness to Thee, renewing our blessing to Thy name that thou didst give her strength for the work given her to do. And we remember, too, that when all those activities, all that service, that loving, constant, unintermitted service to those who were dear to her and to all who came within her influence, were arrested as in a moment, — we remember humbly and gratefully how cheerful was her patience, how un murmuring her acceptance of what Thy hand laid upon her. We remember and bless Thy name, that without repining, though it must have been so great a trial, she yielded to Thy will; that she did not regard it as a harsh and unmerciful dispensation, but as the hand of her Father who by suffering would lead her nearer to whatever is beautiful, and holy, and acceptable in thy sight. We give her back to Thee; yea, we yield up her companionship here, knowing that the separation is brief; that the interval must needs be short when again, in higher service, we may, through thine infinite mercy, be found worthy to join her again in the Father's home, in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." We invoke Thy blessing to rest and remain here. We would say, "Peace be unto this house." We would ask, O God, in sincere submission, but with earnest desire, that the health of him who cannot be personally with us this day, though so near and in spirit with us, may be restored; that again he may be enabled to join in the service of those truths and those great aims to which it is his delight to consecrate himself. May we have the continued solace of his companionship, the guidance of his counsel, the help of his strength, the support of his love and friendship; and our country and the world rejoice in re-

taining him here yet many years. But Thy will be done, in this event, and in all events; and bring us, we pray Thee, through every discipline, ever nearer and nearer to Thyself. And we will render to Thee only praise, thanksgiving, and blessing forever. Amen.

At the conclusion of Mr. May's words, the friends present looked for the last time upon the placid face of her whom they had so dearly loved, and who had now entered into the life beyond, and the remains were then borne to the beautiful cemetery at Forest Hills. There, where she had so often loved to ride during the pleasant summer days, her dust was tenderly deposited by the children to whom she had been such a true and devoted mother.

[COPY OF THE MEMORIAL CARD.]

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE
OF
Helen Eliza Benson,
WIFE OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
BORN FEBRUARY 23, 1811.
DIED JANUARY 25, 1876.

*“God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in his heaven.”*

OTHER PERSONAL TRIBUTES.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS FROM FRIENDS.

I HAVE been very deeply affected by the numerous letters of sympathy and condolence which this bereavement has elicited from cherished friends and acquaintances on both sides of the Atlantic; but a protracted illness having prevented replies to these, except in a few instances, those friends who have received no direct acknowledgment are requested to accept this little volume as an expression of the gratitude felt by myself and children for their kind and consolatory words, and their warm and affectionate tributes to the wife and mother who is here commemorated. The following extracts from a few of these are given as showing how widely beloved she was, and how thoroughly esteemed and appreciated by all who knew her.

W. L. G.

“It was with sorrow but not surprise that I heard of the departure of my dearly loved friend; and to-day comes the sweet memorial of her. It is difficult to think of her otherwise than as she was when a lovely, blushing maiden of twenty summers. My mind and heart go back to the old time when, as a child, I looked upon her as the best beloved friend of my long since sainted sister. She was then very beautiful; so seemly, and so loving and pure-minded; so all that could enlist admiration and love.

“The little visit made to your home, last fall, will ever be treasured as a season of renewed friendship, refreshing and very pleasant.

On parting then, I did not expect to look upon her again here, for I saw how frail was her hold on life; but I was so glad to know that she would fade as she had lived—upheld and cared for by the strongest ties of earthly love. Sweet and precious spirit! how we hope and trust to again behold her, where trial and suffering are lost in the brightness of spiritual light!”

Providence, R. I.

S. A. G.

“I hope that you will not think me intrusive, in this hour of bereavement, in proffering my sympathy. I have thought myself warranted by our friendship of more than forty years; and yet more, by the love and appreciation with which I have always regarded your dear wife. When I was first introduced to her, she took my imagination captive by her sweetness, frankness and vivacity, and from that time I have remained her loyal admirer. Before I ever saw her, I was prepared, by Rev. Samuel J. May, to find her lovely, and all my subsequent acquaintance with her has confirmed the impressions of the first interview. How disinterested she was! how true and uncompromising in matters of principle! how devoted to her family! and how benevolent and helpful towards all who sought her aid and sympathy! Inexpressibly sad was the illness which prostrated her, and made her so dependent, the latter part of her life. It imposed upon her many privations, but it could not impair her loveliness; and it was always a privilege to be with her. How blessed she must be now, released from the infirmities of the body, with fresh vigor for the higher uses of the higher life, in glad companionship with the many loved ones who have gone before, waiting for the dear ones to join her whom she has left behind, and perhaps nearer to them on the spiritual side than she could be when here!”

Somerville, Mass.

H. M. P.

“Your Card (In Memoriam) of the dear departed one I shall treasure in fond remembrance. It was tenderly gracious in you to

number me among those not to be forgotten of her personal friends. I can never forget the early impression the sweet sisters at Brooklyn made upon me ; and although the cares and absorbing duties of my subsequent life have removed me from the presence of my friends, and the interchange of the sweet courtesies and amenities of society, those charming days at Brooklyn are hallowed to my memory as among the happiest of my girlhood. It was a lovely circle of peace, good-will and godliness.

“ I am quite sure you must find great comfort, in this your hour of sadness and sorrow, in the fond remembrance of your faithfulness to this dear companion of your eventful life. And we must be reconciled (in this advanced stage of our lives) to these sad events, confidently believing that there shall be a blessed reunion of those who have gone on trustingly to the end.”

Concord, Mass.

A. M. A.

“ I welcome the tender, pathetic Memorial Card just received from you ; for it is very pleasant to me to think that it expresses my claim to the friendship of your dear wife. How beautiful she seemed to me when I first saw her, — so gracious, dignified, delicate and winsome ! But each year made that first impression deeper still, as I saw the loveliness of character which had wrought so much of that outward attractiveness ; the beautiful traits which her perfect humility could not conceal ; what hearty, wise motherliness and pure disinterestedness ; the gift of a cheerful temper, the blessing of a sensitive heart, ready to enter into the joys and griefs of all about her ; the innumerable graces of a frank, gentle, playful nature ; so utterly unassuming, and yet so fine a representative of true womanhood !

“ My tender sympathies are with you and your children, that her sweet presence is withdrawn from the sight of loving eyes ; but she has left you from her pure, beautiful life what time can never take away.”

Boston, Mass.

H. E. S.

"I have just learned, through the papers, your great bereavement, by the decease of your excellent wife; and though I know how feeble are any words to speak consolation for such a loss, yet I cannot deny myself the sad satisfaction of claiming my small share in your great sorrow. For a great sorrow it must be which comes from the loss, even temporary, of the long-enjoyed companionship of such a woman, so richly endowed with the qualities which win respect and love, and beautify and bless the home in which they dwell. The loveliness and sterling worth of her from whom you are now separated for a time, I have for many years known as one may who only meets their manifestations at long intervals; and that measure of knowledge has been enough to impress me with a conviction of their priceless preciousness to those whose rich privilege it is to be in constant communion with them. I can form, therefore, some faint notion of how great a gap is made in the household her presence has blessed so long, now that she is withdrawn from you for the whole remnant of your abiding there. But I know also something of your clear, strong faith in the reunion of those who are parted here, and their eternity of yet more blessed companionship in the "Better Land" to which she has only gone on a little before you. And I can well understand how abundant is the comfort you must draw from this source. You know too well to need any one's reminding you of it, how ample are the Love and Wisdom which preside over all events, and how impossible it is that they should permit any affliction to befall us which is not ordained to work out a higher good for us than we could else enjoy. So, while I claim my share in the sorrow which this privation of the society of one so justly beloved must bring, I can also rejoice with you that, though sorrow may endure for a night, joy, cometh in the morning."

Florence, Mass.

C. C. B.

"I know that words avail little in some of the great trials and bereavements of life, but I cannot forbear expressing my sympathy

with thee at this time. The termination, with her earthly life, of the intimate communion and association which, for so many years, have been enjoyed by thyself and thy dear wife, must leave thee lonely and sad at times, and I would fain reach out a hand to thee. I know what it is to sit alone, like a stranger, at my own hearth ; but as time passes on, the memory of my dear friends grows more sweet and precious, and the hope of soon meeting them makes the great, inevitable change more tolerable to contemplate.

“ God has been good to thee in giving thee such a loving, and faithful, and excellent companion for so many years ; and now thy children and children’s children gather close about thee. And with thy spiritual views, it may be that a realizing sense is afforded thee that the dear one is still living, and still near thee.”

Amesbury, Mass.

J. G. W.

“ How tenderly and warmly I sympathize with you in your great bereavement, I need not say. You had together over forty years of happy wedded life — *how* happy I, who have so often been a welcome guest under your roof, and admitted to closest intimacy with you both, well know. What tender memories stir my heart as I review the history of the thirty-eight years that have passed away since I first met her, the proud mother of your first child ! From that day until the close of her life, I was permitted to think of her at all times as a true friend, and to admire her as a model wife and mother. The tie between her and my dear departed wife was very strong, as you know ; and if those who have been for years in spirit-life are ever permitted to greet those they love on their arrival there, I am sure that the latter was one of the first to welcome your beloved to her new abode. It must have been a joyful meeting, and surely she who has gone had little to regret. Her life on earth was rounded and complete. She lived long enough to see her children full grown, and to look into the faces of her children’s children. She lived long enough, too, to witness the triumph of the great cause to which her husband’s

life was consecrated, sharing with him the joy of victory as she had shared the trials of the conflict. What more could be desired for her? Her departure from your side will set your own life in an entirely new aspect. You will miss her all the more that for years, as an invalid, she has required your tenderest care, and been the object of your constant solicitude and watchfulness. But you have all the consolation that springs from an unwavering faith in God, and in the beneficence of his ways. The attraction toward the other life must be greatly enhanced, now that it stands associated with her."

New York City.

O. J.

"It is many years since I saw dear Mrs. Garrison; but I have always retained of her the most lively and pleasing remembrance. Indeed, as I write, my mind goes back to old times so vividly that the present seems almost a dream, and I feel as if living in the past. The years from 1835 to 1840 come before me, and I can see her animated, charming face and her amiable, gracious manners as if it were yesterday. Then the twenty years that I was concerned with the Anti-Slavery Fairs! In all that time her assistance and sympathy were never wanting, and never in all that time can I recall one word of impatience, or distrust, or discouragement. She had indeed that 'meek and quiet spirit' which is not only in the sight of God 'of great price,' but which is highly loved and appreciated by man; and I do not know that I ever heard her mentioned but with regard and affection."

Paris, France.

A. W. W.

"What can I say to you at such a time, my dear friend? Nothing, excepting that I grieve with you, and share your sorrows. You know that I know how to mourn with you under your great bereavement, for have I not undergone the like myself? I have always looked upon your marriage as one of the few perfect ones, in which both parties were entirely fitted the one to the other to

meet and bear together the joys and the sorrows of life. You have the consolation of having made the life of your wife as happy as is consistent with mortal conditioning, through your true conjugal union, and her share and pride in your public career."

Dedham, Mass.

E. Q.

"Though we may meet rarely, I can never forget you or that sweet, faithful wife whose countenance looked so bright and brave in early anti-slavery times. And my first impulse, when I saw by the newspaper that she was dead, was to write and assure you of my sympathy for your loss, and to tell you of the pleasant memories I have of her; notwithstanding there are so many more who knew and loved and respected her from a more intimate knowledge of her graces and virtues than I had. . . . May you obtain that consolation which must come from a higher source than human sympathy, and thereby gain an 'exceeding peace.'"

Boston, Mass.

H. J. B.

"I this moment see the notice of the death of your dear wife. I know so well what she has been to you, and have so often seen how hard it is to part, even when one has the hope that it is not for long, that I must send you, for my wife and myself, and I half feel as if for father and mother (who, though beyond the veil, would yet sympathize in the pains of us that linger here), our kindest expressions of sympathy. Father and mother both sincerely loved Mrs. Garrison, as you well know, and perchance they may already be welcoming her in those calmer scenes to which we are all going forward, with the hope of such reunions for our choicest anticipations.

"Accept for yourself and your family our affectionate messages. That you will all know how to meet the sorrow, I know well. May God sanctify and bless it to you all, and especially to her children, and make her memory both a comfort and an inspiration!"

Newburyport, Mass.

J. M.

"I want to tell you how sad I have felt since hearing that your dear wife is no more. I remember her as long as I remember any friend of our family, and she was very kind to me at an age when kindness means a great deal to a child, and is not easily forgotten. Especially is she connected in my mind with our pleasant home in Scituate, in the old exciting anti-slavery days, when we children partook of their enthusiasm, yet knew little of the perplexity and difficulty in which the leaders of the great cause were involved."

Syracuse, N. Y.

C. M. W.

"I sympathize with you most truly in the loss of the dear companion of your life. I never became intimately acquainted with her, but I have a vivid recollection of her lovely, innocent face, and her friendly, pleasant ways.

"No one knows better than I do what a void such a loss makes in one's life. Life will not be so empty for *you*, because you have beloved children and grandchildren, who have the habit of living with you, instead of being drawn away to new scenes and influences, as families so often are. I am thankful that you have this blessed alleviation of your sorrow. May the Heavenly Father comfort and sustain you!"

Wayland, Mass.

L. M. C.

"I have no right to say a word to you in this sorrowful hour, except that of the truest sympathy. Let your heart be stayed upon the thought of the many, many thousands to you unknown, but who hold you in most grateful regard, and whose hearts turn to you with the same sympathy.

"I send you but a word, — it is only taking your hand to assure you that, in our circle here, you are most tenderly remembered."

Staten Island, N. Y.

G. W. C.

"The beloved wife, and mother, is gone! What a void is left! And yet what blessed and satisfying memories! . . .

“ I enjoy recalling the little visit I had with dear Mrs. Garrison just before we left ; and indeed all the visits, through the many years, to you both. — her pleasure in seeing her personal friends was always so genuine ! It was good for one, too, to see such content, such delight in life and home affections, where, during the last years, she had lost so much that we think essential to true happiness. The picture is very sweet that we shall all carry with us through life, of her sunny, beaming smile and greeting, as she sat in the familiar seat by her favorite window. Beautiful, patient sufferer ! — noble wife and mother, and true woman ! ”

Los Angeles, Cal.

C. M. S.

“ We would not by our silence have you think we were unmindful of or indifferent to you and your sorrowing family in the deep grief that now overshadows your once happy home. But we well know how powerless are words, even the most true and eloquent, to assuage the anguish of stricken hearts. . . . For many years it has been our privilege to know the dear one whom we were proud to call our friend. She has ever seemed to us the pattern wife, the devoted mother, and the worthy associate of those who aimed at the highest and noblest ideals of life. As such she is enshrined in our memory. We know also of her patient endurance of bodily ills and privations, and the interest (despite all these) she ever took in all whom she could serve or benefit. We mourn for those she has left, who must so miss her bright presence, her words of cheer and consolation, and her kindly and wise advice. But for her we can but rejoice that her spirit is no longer fettered by earthly bonds, and that in her heavenly home she is freed from the sufferings and limitations that so often wearied and afflicted her on earth.”

Roxbury, Mass.

C. C. T.

“ I have just learned that your dear wife has passed away from earth. The news is startling, and fills my heart with sadness: not for her who has entered upon a higher and more glorious life, but

for you, so sorely bereaved of the partner of your youth and your age, who for so many years has shared, with tender sympathy, all your sorrows and cares and joys, and filled your home with the blessed light of her love. . . . All the consolation possible in such bereavement is yours ; and words are very empty and weak, I know. And yet I know that sympathy is not valueless ; and therefore, and because I cannot help it, I offer it to you."

Philadelphia, Pa.

M. G.

"I need not try to say how earnestly I sympathize with you in the sorrow that has passed over your household, so united in affection and gratitude to one of the truest of wives and mothers.

"The pain of outward separation must be softened by the thought that her every wish has been fulfilled, so far as it was possible to devise and meet it, and that she knew your love, and carried the strength and joy of knowing it as a perpetual consciousness through all these years, and on into the new birth by which she has been lifted from your sight. She has been so near to you in all the great consecrations and emergencies of your work, and so associated with all the principles and aims of her children, that she must remain, more really than ever in many ways, the centre of your spiritual home, as so long of your visible one.

"How long she has been with you, in strength and weakness the same ; and how inestimable the treasure laid up in your hearts of the sympathies that made her dear to such a circle of friends, and the virtues that proved adequate to meet all the cares and tests and opportunities which the life-long anti-slavery struggle made her daily part !"

Salem, Mass.

S. J.

"None knew her but to love her. Her sweet face and sweeter spirit will never be forgotten ; her smile is ever impressed on our memory. The sad reflection comes, that had she been less unselfish and saved herself from such great effort in early times, she would

have escaped many years of suffering. Her large heart made her hospitality of too wide a range for her strength, and thus she was sacrificed. Her memory will be ever green in the hearts of her friends."

Orange, N. J.

C. & A. R. B.

"How glad I am I came out to see you for those few hurried moments before I left home! I should never have forgiven myself if I had missed one last kiss from my dear friend.

"When I saw the few words in the *Transcript*, speaking of her lovely character, I thought how little it would have pleased her to have had her own retired womanly ways exalted at the expense of those obliged to go out into ruder life for the sake of those who need help, and do not know that they need it!

"I hope that, some day, fitting words may be written to show how great was her service in the day of your trial. If she had kept a hotel, she could not more sedulously have devoted herself to the bodily needs of a great many inconsiderate people. Whether she was drawn to them or not made no difference. If they served the truth, she served them that she might the more truly serve you and her God.

"God help you and yours to bear this heavy blow! No one knows better than I how helpful she has always been in her helplessness, and how impossible, in spite of her long sickness, it was to be prepared for her departure."

Buffalo, N. Y.

C. H. D.

"Your very kind note, accompanied by a most satisfactory photograph of your dear wife, came in due season. Her sweet, loving spirit shines in the picture as it always did in her own face. The picture will ever be precious to me and mine. My husband was thankful that he could be with you on the occasion of the last services to the departed one. In your bereavement you have our deepest sympathy."

Worcester, Mass.

A. K. F.

"I could not utter a word, the day I left you, of my heartfelt sympathy. It was the first time I was to say 'Good-by,' without the fond caress of your dear wife; and the tears blind me now as I think of it, and of the never failing tenderness and affection which I miss so keenly now. I could not help loving her from the first, her helplessness was so appealing, and her loving heart and generous nature were so responsive. . . . Though we cannot wish her back to so much suffering, and should be thankful for her peaceful translation at the last, we cannot help the tears: they are for ourselves."

Providence, R. I.

J. R.

"Your grief must be great; so, let me hope, is your consolation. Your loss is irreparable; her gain is unspeakable. . . . So, too, the surviving children lose, for a time, a mother. And such a mother! But the two dear children long gone before have found her, and found her forever. Let me say of you all,—it is all I can say after those hallowed words of Mr. Phillips at the burial,—

'When, soon or late, you reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May you rejoice, no wanderer lost —
A family in heaven!' "

Concord, N. H.

P. P.

"First a *Chicago Tribune*, then the Card in affectionate remembrance, and now the *Woman's Journal*, with a report of the death, and the last loving tribute of Wendell Phillips and other friends to the sweet and noble nature of your heart's beloved, met my eye here in the far West, hard at work to help on the good cause she loved so well. . . . How beautifully serene she was that last November evening when I last saw her! And how, with her bright face and cheerful voice, did she ever welcome me to that home for every friend of the slave in Dix Place, I can remember as if but yesterday. She was ever ready to second every plan for work, and to start out with me to help execute it. She was truly

a blessed and blessing spirit here; and how much more so may she be in the beyond!"

West Liberty, Iowa.

S. B. A.

"I cannot resist the strong impulse to mingle my tears with yours, and to send to you and your family my heartfelt sympathy and condolence. You know that dear, good Mrs. Garrison was a kind friend to me when I first came among you, 'a stranger in a strange land;' and in her warm, affectionate presence I had the feeling of home and friendship. How well I recall her bright face, beaming smile, and words of sympathy! And now, if aught I could do to soothe your grief, how gladly would I do it for your and her dear sake! I, however, know that your all-perfect faith realizes that the separation is only seeming, not real, and that as an angel she is ever with you, blessing and consoling you. So I can only say, with a large circle of her loving friends, I also feel the sad bereavement caused by her departure."

New York City.

M. G. B.

"Our remembrance of Mrs. Garrison will always be as of a most kind and generous friend; of a philanthropic, true and noble woman. In such a wife and mother, you and your children have been richly blessed, much beyond the average of human experience. In my boyhood introduction to the anti-slavery movement, her kindly welcome was one of the sources of sympathetic encouragement, the remembrance of which I shall always gratefully cherish."

New York City.

A. M. P.

"The public journals of this morning inform me of the death of your honored wife. This event has so vividly recalled to my mind her hospitality to me in former years, that I would feel it my sad privilege and sacred duty to attend her funeral, except that my public engagements will make this impossible. Permit me, therefore, in the only way that remains to me, to send you this meagre

token of my heartfelt sympathy for you in this hour of your sorrow. Permit me also something more. The living belong to a few, but the dead belong to us all. Your kind-hearted wife was one of my early ideals and typical images of matronly goodness. She made this impression upon me to so representative and memorable a degree, that ever since hearing, this morning, of her death, I have been all day signally honoring her memory in my heart of hearts. Hence, though you and I have not met for years, and are now almost strangers to each other, I cannot refrain from sending you this line of condolence, with my best wishes for your broken and honored house."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

T. T.

"I feel deep grief on receiving the intelligence of the departure of your beloved wife to her heavenly home. I can only pray that you may all be comforted by the memory of her pure, beautiful and unselfish life. I shall always remember her great kindness to me — a kindness shown in a hundred little ways. You have the joy of knowing how you have been honored by such a wife — in her sweetness and purity — in her wifely and motherly qualities — in her good sense — in her unselfish generosity — and in the integrity of her principles and convictions. Surely she has ascended to the Higher Life, and will doubtless continue to be very near you to hallow and to bless you."

London, England.

H. V.

"Your touching announcement has filled my heart with tender sympathy. I can appreciate in no ordinary degree what a loss has fallen upon your happy home; and I feel a sort of bereavement in the departure of your sainted wife to her spirit home. I loved her very dearly, and my seasons of communion with her were among the most treasured of the many rich experiences of my visit to Boston. I felt that our minds and hearts met in a peculiar manner; and her words, as well as her beautiful example, strengthened

my faith whilst kindling my reverence and love. Her sweet talks with me keep recurring to my memory, and I have a vivid picture of her hushing her little granddaughter to sleep by the magnetism of her own tranquillity. And, oh! so many other scenes crowd up as I write!

“What she has been to you all — how much every good cause owes to her, and how she inspired and upheld the anti-slavery band in its darkest hours, and never relaxed in her unwearying toil until the victory was gained — of all this it is not my province to speak; yet the privilege of having been an inmate in your home, and of having enjoyed free intercourse with her and the loving family, enables me to estimate her worth in this capacity far more than an outsider could do. You are indeed wealthy in possessing such holy memories, and in having had her with you so long. Her years of invalidism only enhanced her precious influence, and made her more needed in a sense to you all; yet I know you are able to rejoice that she is emancipated from the burden of bodily ailments which fettered her bright, active soul in these latter days.”

Bristol, England.

M. A. E.

“We cannot wish to recall the departed, for the change to her must be a most blessed one. . . . What pleasant memories I have of her! It seemed wonderful to me how, in her frail state of health, she could be so hospitable, and always so sweet and gentle.”

Montpellier, France.

A. M^CL.

“The news of the sad bereavement you have suffered reached us here a short time ago, and now I have had a copy of *The Woman's Journal*, giving a report of the speeches of our dear friends when attending the funeral. I never had the privilege of personally seeing your dear wife, but I cannot help feeling for her, as for many of the brave band of abolitionists, a personal friendship and love. I know what all of you had to endure, and how all endured together. I know how, without that loyal sharing of the toils and dangers of the great work, the blessing which has

been obtained could never have been won, and my love and admiration extend therefore to all of you. And now, as the number grows less of those still left here below, it is not possible to avoid feeling that the pain of separation must be bitter even to those who know that the season for reunion cannot be distant. You have lived and loved so long and so fully in and through one another, that I can well understand how keen the grief must be; and yet you have had so many proofs of Divine Love, that I trust your faith will help you to bear your burden with patient resignation till the time of the full consolation shall arrive.

“It sometimes seems to me as if the separation of friends by distance is very much akin to that of death. I fear I shall never be privileged to cross the Atlantic to see you again, or to make the acquaintance in the body of some whose names have been familiar to me and mine for years, and who have done me more moral good than many whom I have known here at home; but when we are called home unto the spiritual world, I shall, I trust, meet them and you, and be able to say how gratefully I have thought of them and loved them. We shall not be strangers there; and when death thins your ranks, and those whom I have only known by name are taken to their heavenly home, they seem rather nearer than farther from me; and though, from my own experience of what bereavement means, I feel for and with you, yet, perhaps on account of our present separation, it seems to me that I understand more of the welcome which has greeted our beloved in the world above:—

‘The blest above
Have hailed a spirit’s heavenly birth,
Sung a new song of joy and love;
Then why should anguish reign on earth?’

“Many friends who have enjoyed the happiness of being guests at your house have often spoken to me of her whom now so many mourn; but they all have so spoken of her, that it is but like thinking of her going home to read of her now.”

Manchester, England.

S. A. S.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

Mrs. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. — We deeply regret to have to announce the death of this estimable lady, the wife of William Lloyd Garrison. The *Springfield Republican* says: “ By the death of Mrs. Garrison, Boston loses one of its best and kindest women. When, in 1830, the late Samuel J. May (then settled in Brooklyn, Connecticut), with his brother-in-law, Mr. Bronson Alcott, and his cousin, Mr. Samuel E. Sewall, heard Mr. Garrison lecture against slavery in Boston, the Connecticut minister became a convert to the opinions of the young emancipator, and invited him to speak in his church at Brooklyn, which Mr. Garrison did more than once. There, no doubt, he became acquainted with Miss Helen Benson, and their marriage naturally followed. Her family, like Mr. Garrison, were anti-slavery people, and her father was president of the Windham County Peace Society, of which Mr. May was secretary. Mrs. Garrison joined her fortunes gladly to those of her husband, and nobly supported him in all his work as a reformer. She was a person of beautiful aspect, manners, and spirit, as gentle and attractive as Mr. Garrison was bold and denunciatory, and I suppose she scarcely knew, in all her life, what it was to have an enemy. She had been suffering for several years from partial paralysis, and had been gradually declining for six months past. She leaves children and grandchildren, who were with her in the last days of her illness.” We very much regret to learn that Mr. Garrison was confined to his room by illness, and not able to attend the funeral. Wendell Phillips, Samuel May, Dr. Putnam, and Mrs. Lucy Stone all took part in the deeply affecting proceedings. — *Manchester (Eng.) Alliance News*.

It will be sad news to many, as they scan the record of deaths in our columns, to learn of the decease of the wife of William Lloyd Garrison. Through years of trial and of struggle she was his constant companion, friend and helpmeet, and in later life, when public opinion came up to his standard, and saw him as she had seen him, an honest, sincere and faithful man seeking to do right for its own sake and to help his fellow-man, she was the same. But perhaps the most fitting element in the tribute which was her due, and which will draw the fond recognition of a class of wives and mothers outside of those who were in the fullest sympathy and accord with the agitated life of Mr. Garrison, will be that the world has not heard of her during her whole career. It was in the circle of her family and friends alone that her presence in all its sweet influence of gentleness and fidelity was an acknowledged force. — *Boston Evening Transcript*.

The great multitude of friends and admirers of William Lloyd Garrison will feel the deepest and tenderest sympathy with him in the death of his wife, which took place on the 25th ult., at the family residence in Boston Highlands. Mrs. Garrison was the youngest daughter of the late George Benson, formerly a well-known merchant-philanthropist of Providence, and afterwards a resident of Brooklyn, Ct., where he died many years since highly honored. She shared with her husband all the dangers and privations of the great conflict to which he had devoted himself. Modest and self-forgotten to a rare degree, and shrinking always from public notice, she was a model wife and mother. Five children survive to cherish the memory of her virtues. — *Christian Union, New York*.

The death, in the Roxbury district, Tuesday, of Helen Eliza Benson, wife of William Lloyd Garrison, deprives the community and her friends of a most estimable lady who shared with her husband all the perils and honors of his eventful career. Her children long since rose up to call her blessed. — *Boston Commonwealth*.

The friends of Woman Suffrage were saddened, at their Convention last Tuesday, by the unexpected news of the death of Mrs. Garrison, wife of William Lloyd Garrison, for forty years the worthy partner of his anti-slavery labors and sacrifices. Next week we hope to be able to give our readers, who comprise no inconsiderable proportion of the survivors of the devoted band of New England abolitionists, a brief sketch of her unostentatious and eminently useful life. Thousands of hearts share, to-day, in the sorrow of the bereaved husband and children and grandchildren who rise up and call her blessed, and gladly would these many friends express their regard for the deceased and their sympathy with the survivors. At the funeral were gathered the diminishing numbers of the old abolitionists — Wendell Phillips, Samuel May, Theodore D. Weld, Mrs. Chapman, Robert F. Wallcut, Lucy Stone, Miss Weston, the Southwicks, the Nowells, the Sewalls, the Spooners, and the children of the anti-slavery reformers, all drawn by tender sympathy with the bereaved family. — *The Woman's Journal*, Boston.

Mrs. Garrison I have long known and loved. Her husband's work owes much of its persistent force to her steadfast sweetness and sympathy.

Her life was one of those that made our other lives possible. While we petitioned legislatures, held conventions, or inaugurated associations, she worked still harder at home, to make home lovely for us as well as her own household — to give us refuge, rest, refreshment. For years, no one of her children knew what it was to have a room of his own ; and I wonder whether even one of her thick-coming guests will ever trace the links between her hospitality and her paralysis.

She was not self-distrustful, but with rare wisdom refrained from attempting what she could not do, while she threw herself with her whole force into the things she could do. Everybody about her, beloved and honored in the anti-slavery ranks, might fall into visionary folly, or embrace a phantom ; it was not in *her* to do any

such thing. With quiet common sense, she held to what she had always known and believed, and never ruffled the air with her opinions unless need was. I shall not miss her from the window whence she "overlooked the world;" I shall always see her there, serene and beautiful, patiently waiting for what has now come. God help those who *must* miss her through their daily need! — C. H. D. in *The New Age, Boston*.

At the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, held in Boston, January 25, 1876, the following resolution was adopted:—

"*Resolved*, That the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association deeply sympathize with their honored friend William Lloyd Garrison, in the death of his beloved wife, which occurred this morning, and that they tender to him their warmest sympathy in his great bereavement."

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The belovéd, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

MEMORIES.

GIVE our tears to the dead ! For Humanity's claim
From its silence and darkness is ever the same ;
The hope of that world whose existence is bliss
May not stifle the tears of the mourners of this.

O, who can forget the mild light of her smile,
Over lips moved with music and feeling the while —
The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like, and clear
In the glow of its gladness, the shade of its tear !

And the charm of her features, while over the whole
Played the hues of the heart and the sunshine of soul ;
And the tones of her voice, like the music which seems
Murmured low in our ears by the Angel of dreams !

But holier and dearer our memories hold
Those treasures of feeling, more precious than gold, —
The love and the kindness and pity which gave
Fresh flowers for the bridal, green wreaths for the grave !

The heart ever open to Charity's claim,
Unmoved from its purpose by censure and blame,
While vainly alike on her eye and her ear
Fell the scorn of the heartless, the jesting and jeer.

How true to our hearts was that beautiful sleeper !
With smiles for the joyful, with tears for the weeper ! —
Yet, ever more prompt, whether mournful or gay,
With warnings in love to the passing astray.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,
As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,
As a glad dream of slumber which wakens in bliss,
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this.

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